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Hold on to my hand



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

She shot out of bed at the sight of her alarm clock. 7:56 am.

She slipped on some skinny jeans, a large white tee and a black sweatshirt.

She dumped a box of cereal into her backpack, and brushed her hair.

She was out the door by 8:03 am.

The bus had already gone, obviously, so she waited on the small bench for the next one. As she waited she stuck her hand inside her backpack and into her cereal box, stuffing her face with *lucky charms*. They called it 'stress eating', but she just called it hunger. Wasn't she allowed to be hungry?

The box was already half way gone when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

It was a boy, about fifteen. Her age.

He held his hand out "I'm George. And you must Amelia, right?"

Amelia stared at his hand, and he finally brought it back to his side.

"Do I know you?" she asked, her mouth full.

He shook his head "no, but I know you. I need to take you somewhere... Magical".

Amelia stood up, and backed away from *George* "I don't do drugs, okay? And unless you'd like to visit the police station, get away from me".

He sighed "oh, right. You're father's a detective."

A puzzled look washed across Amelia's face. "What?" she demanded.

He held his hand out once more.

She stepped back "no! Do not touch me!"

and grabbed her hand.

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They were now floating in darkness, hand in hand.

"Where are we?" Amelia asked.

"Would you believe me if I said, *our* dreams?".

She shook her head with a quiet laugh "Would you?".

"Just don't let go, or we'll be sent back to reality, okay?" he said.

She squeezed his hand tighter as a response, and they floated in complete darkness.

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